

ONE MINT JULEP

#2 50 ¢



intro- this is my second solo zine here it's kinda big and i have to charge for it since i lost my scam. let's see, i've retaliated against some "death to queers" graffiti in georgetown...played my first show in 1 1/2 years...eaten some good veggie sushi...i've got some new mosquito bites...yeah...this is the introspective issue but don't let that scare you...i'm not just inflicting my soul

searching on you...i wasn't drunk when i wrote this i swear... love hugh

way past properties so secure

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we approach at all

we approach on

i'll take you for a moonlit stroll



this is me

all fours-huggybear

I took a bike ride through my neighborhood this evening and even though i've lived here since i was born it felt like i'd come home from being away like ten years (i had to resist the temptation to ask old ladies "is this...is this old allan rd" and have them be "yes it is, of course it hasn't been marked since the storm of '89-say, aren't you that mcelroy kid?". y'know?). It has been about that long since i really had contact with my neighborhood (played here, went to school here etc.) What made it so odd was that i usually can't remember my childhood and just riding around triggered all the old memories. i still think all those people who're like 'i remember how the oven always smelled like fresh biscuits when i came home are just lying or crazy or something.

anyway this all started kinda simple, just me speeding down a hill and up onto a sidewalk and it was like being back at my local p.s. (my one year there in 4th grade) and i was speeding around with my friends (we were the bad kids who terrorized suburbia, suavely sucking on atomic fireballs...fly, huh?). So i thought i'd ride down to the neighborhood pool which was my favorite place until i became aware of racism classism and homophobia (as much as i love swimming in the summer i sort of hate to have to deal with bullshit when i'm relaxing, sometimes action bothers me and sometimes it just doesn't). So I rode past the pool and around back across the creek on the bridge that ends on my old school's playground. The school was on a hill so i thought i'd ride up and around and come back down. halfway up the hill i got tired so i stopped and walked (hurray for being in lousy shape). At the top i looked out over the black top where we had to wait in the morning singing 'there's a place in france...' or whatever similar age-appropriate nastiness we could come up with (i do remember one: i walked around the corner and what did i see?/ a hundred naked ladies waiting for me/i fucked 98 until my dick turned blue/took a shot of whiskey and fucked the other 2... it has a

certain appeal in my old age as something my younger self would say, but i think i found it basically hilarious back then). Below this black top there was another one (since covered with mulch) where we would do our presidential fitness tests. there was a mini junglegym/playset thing where i hung out with my friends



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from the E.I. class (E.I. = emotionally impaired) with whom i'd design these incredibly elaborate amusement parks (i got in trouble for fucking with them once but i don't remember what i did. incidentally the E.I. was where the school put its 2 or 3 black kids (something my budding social consciousness never tired of pointing out to the teachers who didn't want to talk about it even though it was clear that the kids were in no way impaired (except maybe by the shit they took for being E.I. kids and the whole stratification that sets up the reading groups as 'advanced' 'normal' and 'special' and separates the GT (gifted and talented) kids and the E.I. kids))) and below that area (how'd ya like that digression?) there was a field with a baseball diamond and a playground which had a tireswing that we'd pile people on and then push them around really fast until they wanted to or did puke.

I used to hang out here with my cousin's friend mimi when i didn't have friends cuz she had a purple mohawk and although i was but a year out of my 2nd grade punk phase (a trip to london at age six turned me punk. i had a mohawk at age 7 but only for a day or two) at

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the end of recess they'd make us line up and wouldn't let us go in, even to pee (you can hold it in they said...no i can't i said...well you'll have to...so i pissed my pants (not the last time either) an incident which people that i run into now love to bring up.

Then i rode around into the parking lot which i only saw if i was late and my mom had to drive me in. riding around the building i anticipated a bad flashback. i turned the corner and there was 8 year old me lying on my back. 6 other kids knocked me down and one of them was slamming an aerobie into my neck.

leaving that memory alone i looked in the doors to see the stairs, the door to the 'kitchen' (where we lined up for some pretty lousy food (the pizza was a treat, and everyone else liked the sloppy joes)) and the door to the all purpose room. I walked around to the front of the building which overlooks the field. where i remember me and my friends getting fucked up offa helium balloons.

there's more that keeps occurring to me but this is long enuff and verging on pointlessness...

so i rode to my neighborhood's star attraction: the mushroom house. it's this

house that looks like it used to be normal but was sculpted (in the 60's or something) to look like a big mushroom. it's very realistic actually. if it ever burns down the poisonous fumes will probably kill my entire neighborhood but the owners got some special permission to have it that way. i'll take the risk that shit is fly.

i don't know what prompted this trip down memory lane but it was good, y'know, real therapeutic. but yer probably bored and it's 12:01 and i should get some sleep. it's june 27 1996, the fifth anniversary of grandpere's (my grandfather) death (to the hour in 4 hrs.) I'm playing a show tonight at Lammas Women's Bookstore at 7:30) hmmm kidpower/old fogey revolution NOW cuz i remember when...

things/people i find inspiring:

stuff you can hunt down



more elusive stuff:

queers who beat living shit

thunderstorms

out of would be bashers

alright, i'm hella pissed and frustrated and shit when my serious life or death political/social/personal concerns are dismissed as being PC when they come from my own experience or that of my friends or when they come from having something explained very well to me (e.g. Dorothy Allison's writing increased my awareness of classism and regional prejudice 100fold and it pisses me off even though when it comes down to it i am a rich kid who could pretend i was northern) anyway the trouble i have in writing or speaking about these things is in making them real to people who don't have to live with them.

it's very easy to abstract social conditions, especially negative ones, to take the sting out of them and soothe our privileged liberal/radical consciences (discussing racism or poverty in terms of statistics and not the real effects they have on people's lives or thinking that the civil rights and womens movements end when things are legally rectified). things like 'well if they didn't like having a nuclear power plant in their town they could just move right?' dealing with abstracted ideals based on privilege and not the limited options of the residents of love canal. environmental racism is an issue that is being explored but i'm beginning to see alot of environmental classism too. putting nuclear facilities near the poor makes it unlikely that any resistance will have the funds to fight and also (not intentionally, but as a gruesome side effect) means that the people near the plant probably can't afford to move.

another example is i was at this diversity conference set up by my school's SHADES (students helping to advance diversity and ethnic sensitivity...gasp) group. in this workshop about body image and race we ended up talking about interracial relationships and a couple of the black kids say they prefer to date within their race and this white girl

sez, all self righteous, "well by doing that you're just perpetuating division and amplifying racial tension." well yes of course in an ideal world all the fucked up shit that makes race so negatively definitive wouldn't exist and race relations would not be an issue cuz

we'd all just get along (yeah yeah yeah). but don't give me this we're all the same shit because race does define alot of experience and thus identity. Anyway one girl said (in a move that briefly articulates the last few sentences i wrote that seem kinda muddled) that she had dated a white boy once and when she got fucked with for being black she'd tell him and he'd be all "why 're you upset?" and

she said "sometimes you need someone who's going to get what you mean and who you don't need to explain shit to." at this point liberal whitegirl looks indignant cuz of course she so knows what's up i'm sure.

i guess the classic example is someone who tells a homeless person to just get a job (i can do it, why can't you? hyuk hyuk) cuz

they for some reason haven't noticed that there aren't many jobs going around period and it's hella hard to get hired with no address.

when you can't get through to people about this shit it's usually cause they are in a position of privilege (at least on the given issue) and probably don't see that the world that's so nice to them isn't really (i mean as much as i was raised to hate the cultural and institutional racism i see around me as of a few years ago internalized racism was a really new concept to me). I wasn't really hoping to find a solution by writing this. just to acknowledge my frustration. i guess we just return to issues of privilege and keep pointing them out until every one stops fucking with everyone else. (not in my lifetime) at least if people don't agree they'll know why i'm mad. OK i feel better.

hugh's requisite note on PC (since you mentioned it...)

i hate political correctness but equally i hate most of the people who attack it. in general what they are attacking is the principle of being nice/sensitive to people (which i thought was a good thing) what i hate is the way in which pc operates. it's ok as a system of neutral language to discuss touchy issues in which some of us do not need to be further pissed off by prevalent bullshit (up to a point. if you try and neutralize already neutral words, you suck). but it ends there. as a belief system it just encodes prejudice and allows people to deny the fact that they indeed have prejudices. as long as yer calling someone by the right word you've done your part. it's like putting a bandaid over a dirty cut. the cut is still there and it's still fucked up but you can't see it and have taken a minor step towards healing it.

it's more constructed to just admit that you are fucked up somehow. by acknowledging the racism that i have inherited and sometimes created i see it for the bullshit it is and it doesn't come back as strong. this self examination also brings up other prejudices (like my mind asking "do you really still believe all that bullshit you've been taught?") while it's helpful to have polite language to discuss oppression or whatever admitting and confronting prejudice is the only way to reduce it.

like my blind grandfather would kill anyone who called him non-sighted

the chronology here is kinda weird but identity is hardly linear

ok so i'm doing alot of delving into the past in this issue (i'm having fun even if it is a little navel-gazing, write if you think it sucks) anyway i'm bi, no denying it, i walk down the street and my head's turning in all directions (anything that moves y'know) but it's kinda weird cuz i've suppressed or ig-

nored almost all of the crushes i've had on girls and couldn't figure it out until now. at first i thought i was just holding out for a boy to prove it could be done (like to date a girl would be just passing or something) and i still think that's part of it. i think part of it is much deeper though.

basically in my early adolescence i was completely straight (any crush i had on a boy was purely non-romantic). but at some point i got a string of heavy crushes on boys and although i came out as bi in 9th grade i had doubts. by 10th grade i identified as gay because when i stumbled on queer identity bisexuality was not a visible option. i decided i had just been saying i was bi to avoid the stigma of being gay (not tremendously

logical since alot of gay folks don't seem to think bisexuals exist either, the world just don't like complexity). but come the summer after tenth grade and through most of eleventh grade it was becoming clear that 'damn that girl is fly' was not just an objective appreciation of style.

and yet now just out of high school i still act more on my crushes on boys and not on the ones on girls. the sexual aspect is pretty much equal (i'm equally freaked out by

bodies of either sex) but i have more emotional investment in crushes on boys. i think it's part of the security of being 'gay' was that i could not have sexually 'incorrect' views of women (like i couldn't be sexually harassing a woman, not that i think i would anyway but it was a safe moral high ground).

i also really do feel like to date a girl now would be like trying to pass. this all seems like boring academic bullshit but it also feels like reclaiming part of me that could have been stolen by dualistic thought patterns blase blase or maybe i'm just resentful of getting no play heh heh, sorry for inflicting myself on you.

i am reading this zine (no names mentioned) that really exemplifies what i don't like about the general quality of zines i get. it's all about how quirky the editors are and has no point and is full of incredibly bad poetry (a'right, that's not real specific...sounds like a million zines) but so much of it is like deeply intellectual bullshit. i just hate the sort of pretentious non-conformity bullshit that's going down (i mean if major corporations are using 'be yrself' as a slogan you know something's up). it's like people who read kurt vonnegut and catcher in the rye and shit (not that either is intrinsically worthless but neither would pass as revolutionary post-1975, y'know). i think the ultimate in teen-angst-generation-x pseudo intellectual bullshit is the fact that there is a band called the holden caulfields (epitome of angsty teenage white boy ahem). please...let's have some sense. reading books does not make you smarter or more interesting or more of a fucking freak (something we love to be when it can't hurt us, "to be a freak boy you must be white, then you must be quirky" -sue p. fox) than anyone else. get over yourself.

this is a different article

PARTY

i'm gonna keep writing about diy until i get it right. the last time i wrote (in picklejar #24) that having something to say doesn't necessarily mean having something negative to say. but thinking about it now i most value diy as away for oppressed/targeted folks to retaliate in ways that aren't necessarily costly or controlled by others and can be started right now. Like at the moment i am listening to the fakes record (kathleen hanna from bikini kill, rachel carns from kicking giant, tim green from nation of ulysses, and others). anyway its was all self recorded and while these people are all very good at what they do it stands as a very skilled testament to the power of diy. they are also people who totally support independent/diy/lo-fi efforts. they've just been doing it forever.

they talk so much about using our voices to challenge the-way-it-is. there is also an emphasis on making stuff of our own. the three spoken word pieces on the record by angie, billie strain, and sue p. fox. they make me think, y'know if it's about voices and all hey, most of us have a tape recorder or at least a friend who has one. y'know, get started.

the idea is to take production out of the hands of 'the experts' (i'm stealing this term from k. hanna's fly zine 'april fools day' i'd call it my own thing but her term keeps popping into my head). y'know people who have like 9 degrees and get paid and shit have much more privilege to discuss things that they've never experienced than people who live shit every day do.

it's also an issue of \$ cuz production of books/records/magazines whatever is shit expensive but it can be done well on a shoestring. you can also keep complete control of the project or whatever.

so get started y'know...

people who did fly d.i.y. shit:
Dischord, 3819 Beecher st. nw washington dc
20007 (fugazi, nation of ulysses, metamatics,
grey matter, circus lupus, warmers)



k records box 7154 oly wa 98507
(some velvet sidewalk, karp, international pop
underground singles, good distro too)



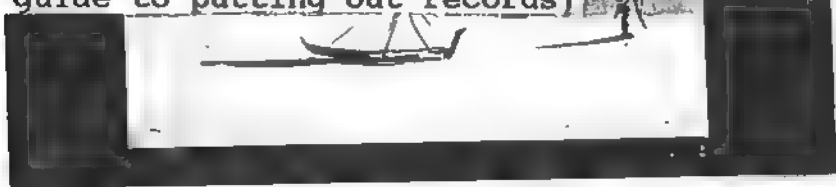
kill rock stars 120 ne state #418 oly wa 98501
(bikini kill, huggypbear, unwound, pussycat
trash, witchypoo, comps)



slappy! box 52 cooper station ny ny 10276-0052
(yum yum tree, 4-track comps)



simple machines po box 10290 arlington VA
22210-1290 (tsunami, working holiday singles,
they also have an amazing zine which is a
guide to putting out records)



i know this is all music but some of these
folks do other stuff too. i'm gonna look for
more in the way of publishing moviemaking and
whatever else for next issue. write if yer
curious cuz that's gonna be a while

ok i don't like zines devoted to poetry, in fact i like brendan kenelley's take on poetry in the title of his book poetry my arse. the point is not that poetry is bad but that the whole air of academia and intellectual superiority/smugness/complacence etc. is bullshit. so here's my poem inspired by the open mic poetry i heard at politics and prose monday night.

i am a hip white liberal
i love to read expensive books and sip expensive coffee drinks in expensive cafes where my treasured academic theory is safe, sheltered from the real world.
and i am so good
i write poems about racism
i write about exotic cultures
in one ear you hear that i hate colonialism
but i am an intellectual colonist
your other ear hears me appropriating the culture of native americans, african americans
asians and haitians trying to prove that i am hip
i read the beatniks and i stole there style too
i am quirky, a studied eccentric
but my ass is never on the line
I am a hip white liberal of the middle classes
i can say things about your life that you are not allowed to say and you'll love me for it
i'll walk all over your black ass your fag ass
your poor ass
and i wont know it
because my ass is never on the line.



this is sorta two things about how i write

#1 sometimes i think that i write about being queer too much and that people might think i'm just being self-serving or obsessive. well fuck yeah, i am being self serving. i need to write to figure this shit out and also in hopes that someone who might be fucked up over the same shit that i am gets something out of my take on things. i am not being obsessive. it's a pretty big part of my identity (although not really consciously) and a lot of shit comes up around it. everything's connected...

#2 i've been doing 'combatting homophobia in high school' workshops in local high schools this spring. in the workshops i feel like i have to present a very simplified view of queer issues because largely i'm dealing with people who have only negative feelings about them. it's hard to be like 'yeah you find this great community when you come out' when i think the 'gay community' is full of the same bullshit that the rest of the world has. granted it's safe if your queer (unless maybe you're poor, or southern, or-ahem-not white, or bi, or transgendered...never mind). y'know it's hard to sum up complexities in the hour i have to talk. but it transfers into writing. i feel like maybe i should be talking about issues more simply to reach a wider audience but that's kind of condescending and also not really how i think. i can't honestly write 'homophobia is bad' to reassure people because that's a given in my mind. i just start with that assumption. i'm maybe not gonna change anyone's life who's all fucked up about being queer but y'know there's more to it sometimes.



April fools day (\$1 20 ne state #418 oly wa 98501) kathleen hanna writes about addiction with a really inspiring outlook. she avoids moralizing addiction, choosing instead to give useful information and talking honestly about the problems addiction causes. she connects the personal realm of addiction to the political (i.e. how addiction keeps us oppressed) and throws in positive samples of attitude heavy hope ("taking care of ourselves is punk"). there's lot's of stuff on treatment and cleaning needles etc. and an interview/dialogue with brian sparrowhawk from fitz of depression. it's all about being addicted and getting over. even if somehow you can't find any connection in your life to addiction it's an amazing zine. get it.

Cupsized #4 (\$2 PO box 4147 Grand Central station ny ny 10163) this has more separate article in it than i dunno... there's a thing on voting and raising our voices politically even in flawed democracy and fighting education cuts. pasta. life as slapstick. hiv testing anxiety. a regular random acts of kindness (this really cheers me up) column. working for small businesses pro and con. there's a really big article on choosing a large public college over a small private one. reviews. peepshows. a fly mad lib. sasha and emelye write really thoughtfully and with a good sense of humor. good shit, y'know.

ketchup # 11 (2 stamps or trade 3603 sexton st alexandria va 22309) these two d.c.

98501) you may have heard her on kicking giant records or on the fakes lp. she does incredible spoken word (sometimes with musical accompaniment by NG) about mental, y'know, retardards, people we dismiss for being scary and odd and about community, sex and boredom. it's good. she confronts shit that is prevalent everywhere even in supposed free-thinkers. her style is halting and rhythmic and emotion seems to be always breaking through her voice and then it hits and she releases all of the sensation and anger stored up in a few mind-blowing words. the girl's got it down.

girls rock (especially cuz they wrote to the julep/pickle/femme skunk/ruffian/porn repository/sappho's island po box. right after a really dry period of getting no zines lame zines or only weird promo cd's (which i'd like more of)) Anyway they write in favor of girl love and cool undies and the women's rally on the mall last april. against the asshole they met at the rally ('women won't be equal until you put yr shirt back on' kinda guy) and against girl/girl jealousy. there's an article about the sex/gender imbalance on comedy skit shows. why crushes suck. show and record reviews. an article on being awed by the clothesline project (like the names project AIDS quilt but clothesline on which each t-shirt represents a victim of violence against women) which also really moved me. God S. and Mad Am write with enough purpose and humor to have both 'fuck oppression' shit and i heart cool underwear stuff side by side. check it out.

the pisces ladybug #4 (po box 341122 west bethesda md 20827) this is a cool zine from sarah. she writes about confronting homophobia in her high school (she 'n' her friends are starting a gay/straight alliance), planning a day at school and combatting eating disorders. there's more but i only read it once and my friend eve's got it so i don't have specifics. sarah's one of the few zine writers anymore who has shit to say and she says it well. i think it's a buck and stamps or trade or something.

music reviews:
yum yum tree 7" (4 songs, \$3.50 slappy! box 52 cooper station ny ny 10276-0052)
raw/perky punk rock, somewhere between bikini kill and eight-eyed spy. the guitars are nervy and choppy and the bass and drums are punchy. the vocals are sort of yelled/whooped. 1/2 girls, 1/2 boys. the songs are 'guilt', 'b.o.-o.c.', 'crack baby', 'pillow.' it's self-recorded so that's real cool. it's some fly shit. get it. (checks to adam paterson)

sue p. fox tape "light a match, spark a life" (\$5 kill rock stars 120 ne state #418 oly wa

p.s. she's co-coordinating the riot grrrrl convention in philly aug 2-4. write her for info on that.

here's where i practice what i preach
(stuff i or my friends did that you can get
from this zine's address...checks to hugh
mcclroy)

ruffian records

rr001-The Vestpocket Psalm, "Over Brooklyn" 7"
(4 songs, \$3) NYC/DC punk, short and
sweet, subway and el train angels,
graffiti, hip hop shortstop catching
in your veins, fuck yeah, you'll never see
your city the same way again. features ray

heatley or vitapup on bass.

coming this summer:

-a.k.a. harlot #1 single (probably a
tape)

-i'm looking to put out a lo-fi/spoken
word comp tape. if you're interested send
me a tape and i'll see if i'm into it and
let you know

YOUNG SOUL REBELS

zines:

one mint julep #1-talk of class/regional
prejudice, angst about apathetic punk
scene/d.i.y./lack of queer punk visibility,
ruffian zine conspiracy, a fake personal ad,
stupid straight punk boy thinks he's down with
queers, the south. (free, send a stamp or
trade)

one mint julep #2 ya got it now, additional
copies \$2.50+

picklejar #19- mad angel abraham nadine, art,
oscar wilde stuff, queer-code history, a
cartoon about conversations with mom, iris and
tamara story (runaway kids, gangsters, ghosts)
vinyl menace (vegetarian s&m kids unite!),
girl resources, internal sexism (by boys)
reviews (stamps or trade for all PJ's)

picklejar # 20- more abraham nadine, gender
and family history, erzulie (haitian loa,
mistress of love), vinyl menace, goodbye frida
kahlo (supriya talks about having her mustache
removed), more iris + tamara, a lush essay on
love, more girl-page, my experience being
beaten up by skinheads, scarred girl liber-
ation, reviews

picklejar # 21- deciding to go to yale, porn
about famous dyke-punk singer, scarred
girl/boy liberation, vinyl menace strikes,
a piece on stone, more iris & tamara, angst
about "home," more voodoo, girl page, a song i
wrote, saving the anacostia, escape the earth!
dc comic, reviews

pj # 24- abraham nadine, dealing with the
problems in the south but not accepting north-

ern liberal bullshit, anti-moralistic sexy
stuff, terroristic queer arab identity, a fly
story, by eve, a scary prom i went to, kid-
power/diy, a comic about fly family, fly photo
of multi-breasted fountain, reviews

pj # 22- berdache (native american third
gender), the end of the world, childhood role
models, more aka harlot # 1 songs, more voo-
doo, more iris and tamara, girl page, reviews
to be a boy from patti smith, scars, reviews

picklejar is free until i run out, send stamps please, the 7" is \$3.75 ppd

i won't dance, why should i?

don't ask me i won't dance, don't ask me

i won't dance merci beaucoup

last minute addition:

i went to the black cat last night/this morning to see peaches o'dell and her black cat orchestra (who i recommend to anyone who likes swing or has any remote interest in jazz) and squirrel nut zippers (or something...who i only saw a few minutes of but what i heard sucked...sorry). anyway, though awed by the spectacular acrobatic dancers i danced a few with friends. what i noticed: at first no same sex couples danced...then a few two girl couples danced...no two boy couples ever danced. ok i'm way past the needing validation for being queer stage and naturally i have no objection to dancing with ladies but it would be nice to dance with a guy once in a while. the boy i was with (who as far as i know is straight but i'm not going to assume anything) said to a friend earlier that he'd be ok with dancing with me but when i asked later he seemed really uncomfortable so i backed down. i'm not mad at him, it's not a risk i would take if i didn't have to and i hardly don't want someone to dance with me who doesn't want to. it's also not like i sweat this boy or anything but given the atmosphere it was like having my heart broken. i'm just mad at the world. makes me wanna cry (but who needs to when you got whiskey...it just won't let me be

i know that music leads the way to romance



and i seem to find the happiness i seek

when we're out together dancing cheek to cheek

i won't dance, how could i? i won't dance, monsieur, with you

so if i hold you in my arms i won't dance i won't dance,



outro- sorry i don't know what to say
love to eve j.j. sara saran molly liz nadya
and all the folks i can't fit here...
i am really doing this (to pick up cute people?)
to communicate and distribute information.
if this made any impression on you
please write. this is just one person doing
this and i don't want to act like i rule the
universe so feel free to write irate letters.
uhh other than that... if you have been, roll
over... bye

there's also a new picklejar coming out in late july/august it has a
tape with aka harlot #1 vestpocket psalm and queene anne fishnettes
it's a dollar if you order it here.



p.o. box 9785
washington d.c
20016

